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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



WILLIE AND HIS MAKE-UP.

"We will succeed if we walk straightly along the path where Washington and Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln have walked before us."



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“What Fools These Mortals Be!”

WHAT'S the matter with Hearst? He's all Riot.

WILL THERE be an “Under Which Flag,” banner in Park Row this fall? How about it, Mr. Murphy?

“IT WAS sad to me to be called to this island, and it was still sadder to my chief,” said Taft tearfully. Poor Theodore! Can't you hear his sobs?

AT BRYAN's fete to the “home folks,” held at Fairview Farm, the desert came on in the shape of a pumpkin pie. Think of it and gasp! Pumpkin Pie, with its face of Gold! Where was William when the menu was planned? Give us, we demand, the name of the blundering chef! Has Bryan, like the Czar, sneaking traitors beneath his roof? He has. How else can we account for golden pastry when the occasion vociferously called for silvery meringue?

SENATOR BAILEY of Texas is manifestly annoyed because a large number of people have sized him up for just about what he is and what he stands for.

CHARLES E. MAGOON, retiring governor of the Canal Zone, says that work at the Isthmus “is progressing rapidly—as rapidly as possible.” Which, please; rapidly or as rapidly as possible? There is an awesome and terrible difference, Panamaly speaking.

NEW YORK's subway is running down. No, not downtown. Running down at the heel. From the time it was begun it has been a horrible example to other cities contemplating underground traction.

THE RAILROAD employee who, finding a box containing twenty thousand dollars, returned it to the owner and received a reward of five, now knows that in at least one distressing respect honesty resembles virtue.

“ROT CAN be cured,” says Bourke Cockran. How about an itching palm. Any chance of curing that, Mr. Bourke?

SETS of all kinds are unchristian, says Bishop Potter. How about a tennis set, with the score at “love all”?

THESE BE trying days for the Yellow Journal Trust. In California, the Trust is the savage opponent of Theodore A. Bell, regular Democratic candidate for governor, while here in New York it is the regular nominee's most devoted champion. Of course, we might add, if it were necessary, that the New York “regular” is William Randolph Hearst.

BOLT, v. 1. To swallow hurriedly or without chewing: as, to bolt one's food. 2. To break away from and refuse to support: as, to bolt a candidate.

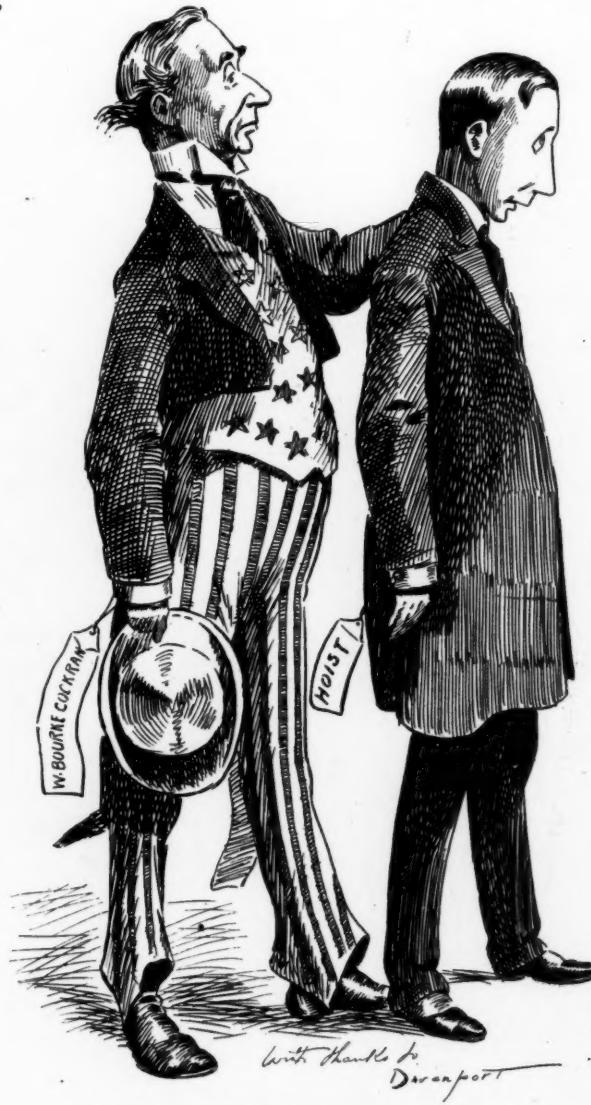
You must do one or the other with Hearst. Take your choice.

WE WERE reading a paragraph about the fondness of newspapers for using the word “knife” in headlines every time some person of more or less note undergoes a surgical operation; and to test the truth of the statement we picked up the New York *Herald* for that day. The first headline that greeted our eyes was: “MME. KALICH GOES UNDER THE ‘KNIFE.’”

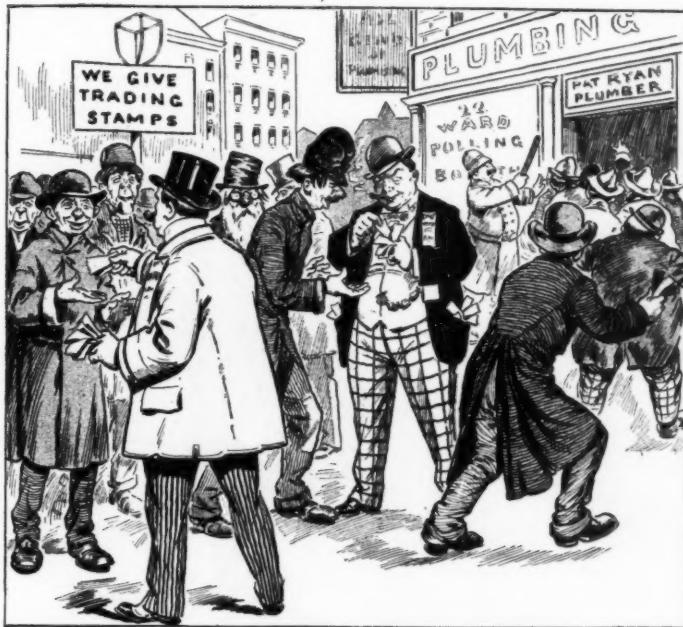
IN THE aeronaut contest in Paris it was observed that the mouth of each balloon was opened before the start in order that any sudden expansion of gas might not produce an explosion. Persons who have watched Congressman Sulzer get under way say that he adopts the same precautionary measure.

THE BALLOON knows no frontier. It is swept wherever the wind blows, and once launched into space it is beyond all human control from below.—*Paris Dispatch to the New York Herald*.

How true! But think of paying cable tolls on such information!



HOW TO DO AWAY WITH THE USE OF MONEY IN ELECTIONS.



I.
"Fix" the free and independent voter with trading stamps instead —



II.
— First making a little arrangement with the neighboring saloon keepers.

A TRAGEDY IN VERSE.



THE poet's love was boundless
Although he feared to speak.
He feared it might be groundless
And loving made him weak.

So all his love he'd utter
In verse, right off the reel.
"She'll see this sure," he'd mutter,
"Then know just how I feel."

His verses appeared in
the Centenarian, Scribner's,
Smart Topics,
Busybody's, The Subway
Man's Magazine, Dun-
sey's, Dappleton's, Ladies'
Home Companion, Swampsconsett County Clar-
ion, Failure, Yellow Book, Brown Dog, Park
Street Monthly and Wallower's Weekly.

While she — she loved him truly
But dared not tell him so;
Nor coax him up, unduly,
Though thinking he was slow.

And as he was a poet
If love he'd really seen,
In verse, she thought, he'd show it —
So watched each magazine.

But the magazines she subscribed for were
Carper's, Town Set, All American, All-Poem,
Flat-boat, Fram and Hearth, Makesure's, Farm
Life in America, Pink Book Monthly, What Not
to Eat and The Shining Schimitar.

AND AS A RESULT
The couple never wed,
And though you feel like laughter,
I'm bound to add this must be said,
"Lived happy ever after!"
Frank H. Williams.

SOME of the Cubans probably feel that man is en-
titled to life, liberty and an occasional insurrection.

Lives of great men oft remind us of legal holidays.

ABASHING.

SIN, stalking rampant, suddenly stopped, abashed.
"What's the matter?" demanded Satan, her father,*
gruffly.
"I never was winked at by so many prominent men, in all my
life!" exclaimed Sin.
"Fudge!" quoth Satan. "You'll have to get used to that.
Don't be old-fashioned!"

* Milton, "Paradise Lost," Book II, line 760.



SEEING THE OTHER HALF.

FASHIONABLE SLUMMER (anxious to say the right thing). — Beastly weather
for motoring, is n't it?

PUCK

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S PATENT.

"**I**F ANYTHING should happen to me," said the playwright, as he patted his wife's cheek, affectionately, "you and the children need not starve."

The speaker was the author of some of the country's best known ready-to-act melodramas, with a record last year of 365 successes. His experience in thinking out last acts had taught him that the future was always to be provided for and that endings were to be made as satisfactory and pleasing as possible.

"Oh, how good of you," slowly sobbed the grateful woman, who felt herself contributing a good "feeder's" speech, for the providing of such inspiration is the duty of the wife of every dramatic writer.

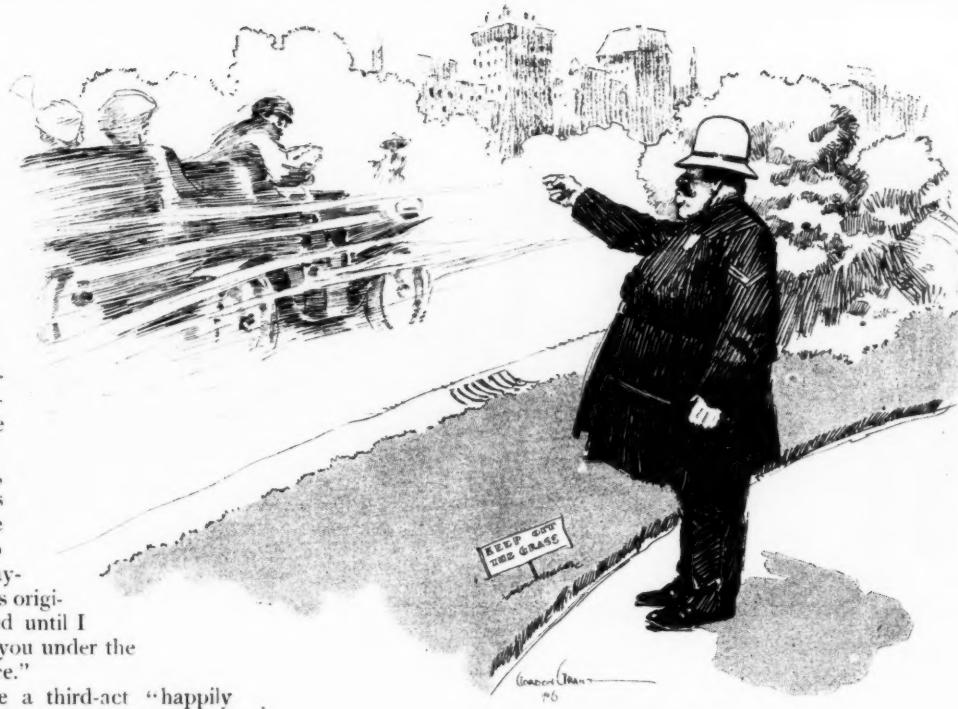
"In fact," the playwright continued, "you will not only have the bank deposits and the shares of mining stock I have bought for you, but I shall also bequeath to you the secret of playwriting. It is patented and is original, but not to be applied until I am gone. I reveal it to you under the solemn pledge of silence."



The woman gave a third-act "happily reunited" cry and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"I have so planned it," he went on, "that the work I am doing may be done by you. Thus, you see, the stage will lose nothing by my final exit, and there will be no need of economy on your part. I have, with the aid of the card-index system—the greatest labor-saving device since the invention of the motion-picture machinerainstorm—completed a method whereby all the essentials are provided for the playwright and need only to be operated with intelligence.

"For each part required in a play's construction there is a yellow card, bearing the caption 'Titles'; another, 'Scenario' and so on. You have but to turn to the one you wish and there find a number corresponding to that on one of the envelopes in this cabinet. Upon opening the envelope you will have all available material for



ROADSIDE REPARTEE.

ROUNDSMAN COOGAN.—Stop that speedin' or I'll have yez pulled!
THE AMATEUR CHAUFFEUR.—Wait till we break down, cap, and you can have us pushed.

five full acts. With the lines, as with everything else, it is merely a question of arrangement."

The good woman was listening rapturously. "Go on, go on," she said, impatiently, "you talk like an easy-payments man; I love to hear you."

"Let us first take up the subject of names," said the author. "I turn to the card 'Titles' and here I find—'Domestic—Her Father's Fault, A Mother's Mistake, The Brutal Brother,' etc. You see? Now then, here is 'Foreign—Pals of the Philippines, Rogues of Russia, Jewels of Japan,' etc.

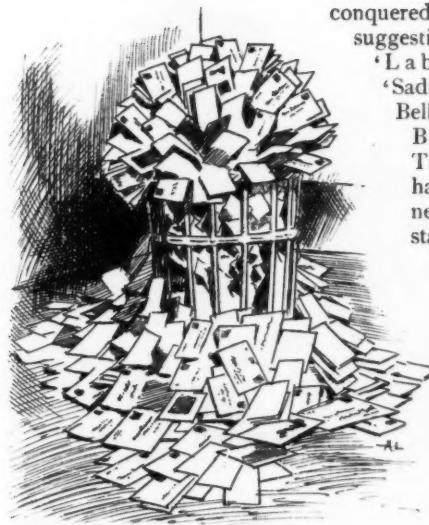
"You will, of course, have a geography of the latest date at hand and when new possessions are annexed, countries renamed on



WHY NOT DO IT SYSTEMATICALLY?

CITY SPAWTSMAN.—Now, if our decoys are worth a darn, we ought to bag a couple to-day at least.

PUCK



HOUSEHOLD HINT.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR SOUVENIR
POSTAL CARDS.

ceeded: "Here is the caption 'Scenario.' It is well to call it 'The Story of the Play' in the middle west and south, but 'Scenario' is all right east of New York. This is in no way complicated, it merely tells enough to interest and confuse the audience, that's all. Listen:—'In the Old-Home Hills—Arrival of the Stage Coach—The Driver's Story—

conquered, you must at once apply the suggestion. Now under the next, 'Labor,' are the following:

'Sadie the Soap Factory
Belle, Beatrice of the
Bookbindery,' etc.
These can never be exhausted, as there are new industries constantly springing up.

The murmured pride of the wife was the only response after this pause. Soon, however, she recovered herself and asked, "But, my dear, will the tariff revision or municipal ownership, whatever they mean, make any difference?"

The reassuring smile of the husband was the only reply and he pro-



PUBLIC NOTICE.

JIM JACKSON.—Dar! Ah reckin dat deforms to all
de legal requairments.

An Unwelcome Guest — Paddy and His Norah —
A Master Stroke — My God! He's Stolen Our
Nell! — Paddy to the Rescue — The Pursuit — This
is Your Work, Jack Dalton. — End of Act I."

"How amusing," the enthusiastic wife interrupted, "I can almost do that with tracing paper. It's just like a pattern, is n't it?"

"I think you grasp the idea," replied the husband, and now there is only the dialogue left. This part is subdivided and each character has its own heading. I will read from the 8,496 speeches under 'Hero.' Listen. — 'It's a Long Story, Boys. — By Heaven, They Shall Not Take You from Me! — Take That and That!'"

"Then 'Villain' has 7,943. Here are some of them:—'Curse the Cards! Remember I Have You in My Power; One Word from Me and You Return to Sing Sing.'

"For the 'Heroine' I have 8,497 speeches, or one more than the hero. She has the tag, you know. Some of her lines I will read:—'Where am I? Have You no Pity in Your Heart; no Mercy in Your Soul? It is My Husband's Voice; Thank God, He Lives.'

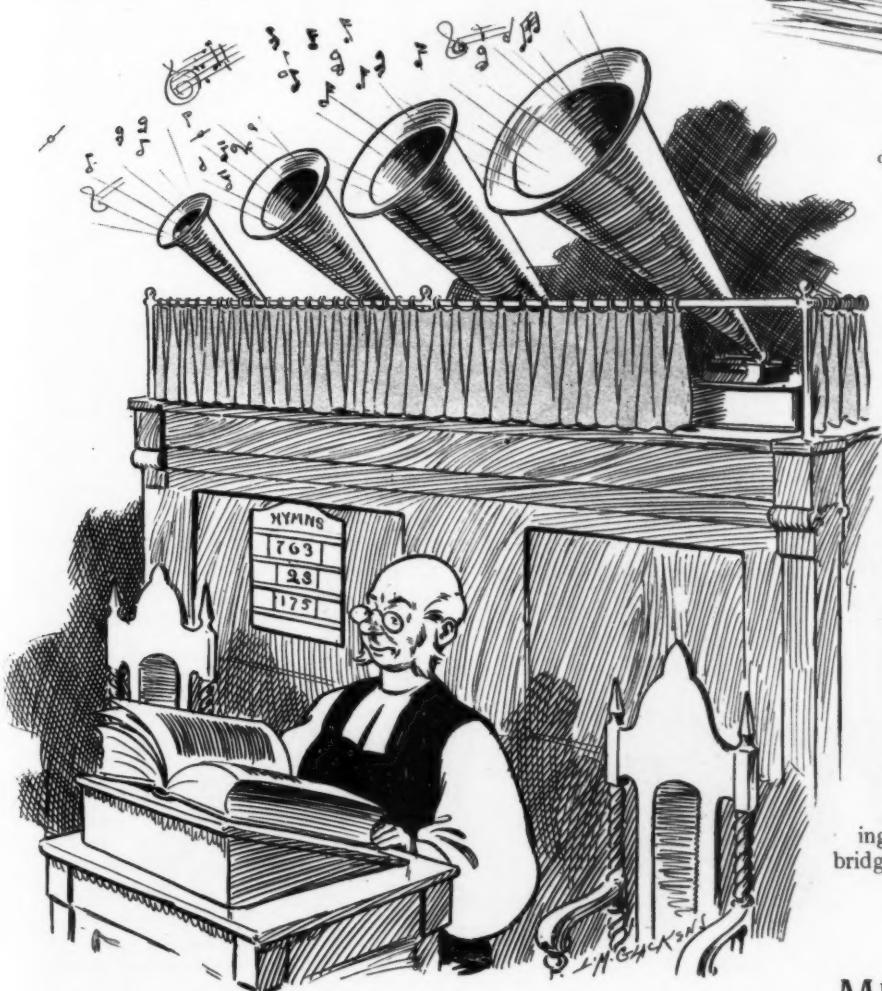
The playwright stopped. His wife's face was beaming. "Oh," she cried, joyously, "How much it resembles bridge — all you've got to do is to keep the suits together."

Leverett Bentley.

PROFOUND KNOWLEDGE.

MRS. BLUSTOCK.—Did you hear Professor Knowall remark that he differed with his wife this morning? Now, he ought to know better than that.

MR. BLUSTOCK.—But he does my dear; — he knows better than to differ from her!



AN INEXPENSIVE CHOIR.

THE REV. DR. LASTLY.—While the morning's offering is being received, the quartet will sing five stanzas of Hymn 763.

Considering how much lower than the angels man was made, is n't marriage rather amazingly successful, on the whole?

A TRAGEDY IN OIL;
OR, THE BUG THAT BUTTED IN.



Miss Angelina Buxum for her portrait sat and sat.
(Oh, a spider loves a lady when she's fat!)

"I think I've done you justice. Come and see," the artist said.
(Oh, a spider loves to swing upon a thread!)

THE BRIGHT SIDE.



"ANYTHING going on here to-night?" inquired the baking powder drummer who was marooned in Prunytown for a number of hours.

"Eh-yah!" replied the landlord of the tavern. "The village band is going to give a concert in the opery house for the benefit of old Cap'n Feebles, who is doubled up pretty much like a capital letter 'N,' with the rheumatism."

"Well, that is certainly too bad!"

"Yes, 't is; but, after all, it ain't as distressing as it might be, for, you see, the old Cap'n lives clear out at the edge of town, so far away that he won't hear any of it if he covers up his head in the bed-clothes, and—Aw, shucks, though; you meant that the rheumatism is too bad, of course—not the band. But then you hain't heard the band yet!"

NO NERVE.

C HUGGERTON.—How's your new chauffeur?

CARR.—Had to fire him;—he used to be a motorman.

CHUGGERTON.—Too reckless, eh?

CARR.—Reckless nothing! Why, I could n't break him of the habit of slowing up at crossings!

WEALTH can never bring true happiness with it until we learn how to become rich without getting to think we've got to have a butler to stand behind our chair and entertain his own opinion of our table manners.



AWESOME.

"I tell you, I stand before this painting, awed!"

"No!"

"Yes, sir. It gives me a new notion of Omnipotence."

"Well, I declare!"

"Only to think, sir, that the Lord could make a sunset like that, if He chose!"

ANECDOCE OF QUEEN BESS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was famous for her quickness in retort. When the Spanish armada was threatening the coasts of England her majesty found it convenient to trouble the City of London for a loan, and accordingly she went down to Guildhall in her royal robes to harangue the corporation. She was listened to respectfully until she broached the object of her visit, when the Lord Mayor cleared his throat nosily.

The queen instantly fixed him with a glance.

"A sovereign," quoth she, "that is, a good sovereign, can't be coughed down, but I've heard of good sovereigns being coughed up."

The loan was promptly forthcoming.

HIS PLEA.

"ER-AH!—now, Borbowy," humbly began stoop-shouldered, skimpy Mr. Hennypeck. "If you will be kind enough to let me have that little amount you owe me I shall appreciate it more than I can tell. My wife is going on a visit to-morrow, and—ah-h'm! — the more money I can give her the longer she will stay."

OBVIOUS.

JASON.—Looks as if Roosevelt wuz seeking the noymination again, Ezry. He endorsed the simpler-fied spellin' idear.

EZRA.—What in tarnation did that hav to do with it?

JASON.—Why, ye fool, what else but to ketch the rural vote?

All the world's a stage but not all the men are matinee idols.



"Your happiest expression I am confident I caught."
(Oh, a spider loves a little harmless sport!)



L.M. GLACKENS

"At any rate, you'll catch it now," fair Angelina cried.
(Oh, naughty little spider, run and hide!)

GRADED.



WITH shining morning faces
To school they gaily go;
Three happy merry youngsters
Are Tom and Jim and Joe.

Tom is in kindergarten,
No wisdom great he wears;
He only has a knowledge
Of sticking pins in chairs.

But Jim is in the Grammar;
The reason of the same
Is he can throw a spitball
And always hit his aim.

Bright Joe is in the High School,
That grade of heavy books,
For he draws funny pictures
Of how the teacher looks.

McLandburgh Wilson.

CONFIDENCE that one will eventually succeed is better than success. Success may be quite unhappy but confidence can't be entirely so.



A RECKLESS NAVIGATOR.

MR. NIGHTHAWK.—Sergeant, on my way home this morning, I was run down by a biled owl and nearly put out of business.

SERGEANT CROW (briskly).—Get his number?

MR. NIGHTHAWK.—He was n't carrying any and he was n't hooting as the law prescribes he should, either!

THE GROUCH OF AN ECHO.

CITY VISITOR.—Look here! What about that wonderful echo that the landlord advertised?

HIRED MAN.—It's here, all right, but it hain't been workin' lately. First, when ye hollered, "Well, how are you to-day?" it would promptly shout back, "First rate, thank you!" Bime-bye, it began to reply, in a grumpy voice, "None o' your business!"; at last it got to snarlin', "Go to h—ll, will ye!", and now it won't say anything a-tall. I don't s'pose it's dead, exactly; I guess it's just got tired of light conversation.



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF—

'A prominent Democrat,' 'A well known Republican,' 'A man very close to the President,' 'An up-state politician who refused to be quoted' and 'A high official whose name for obvious reasons cannot be disclosed.'

Obviously, it is not so much the ridiculous that is the subject of reform, as it is the available, otherwise the plug hat would have gone long ago.

Reform has its uses, however. Everybody gets his name in the papers, these days, but by identifying himself prominently with reform, he stands a show of getting it spelled the same way every time.

And yet, why is it, when you talk dress reform, or clo' reform, people go to sleep?

Reform sweeps the country, or portions of it, every now and then. That is to say, it raises a great cloud of dust, which presently settles back about where it was before.

Finally, reform occurs in waves, all kinds of waves, the tidal, the marcel, etc., etc.

DON'T REGISTER.

If you fail to register, you can't vote for Hearst.

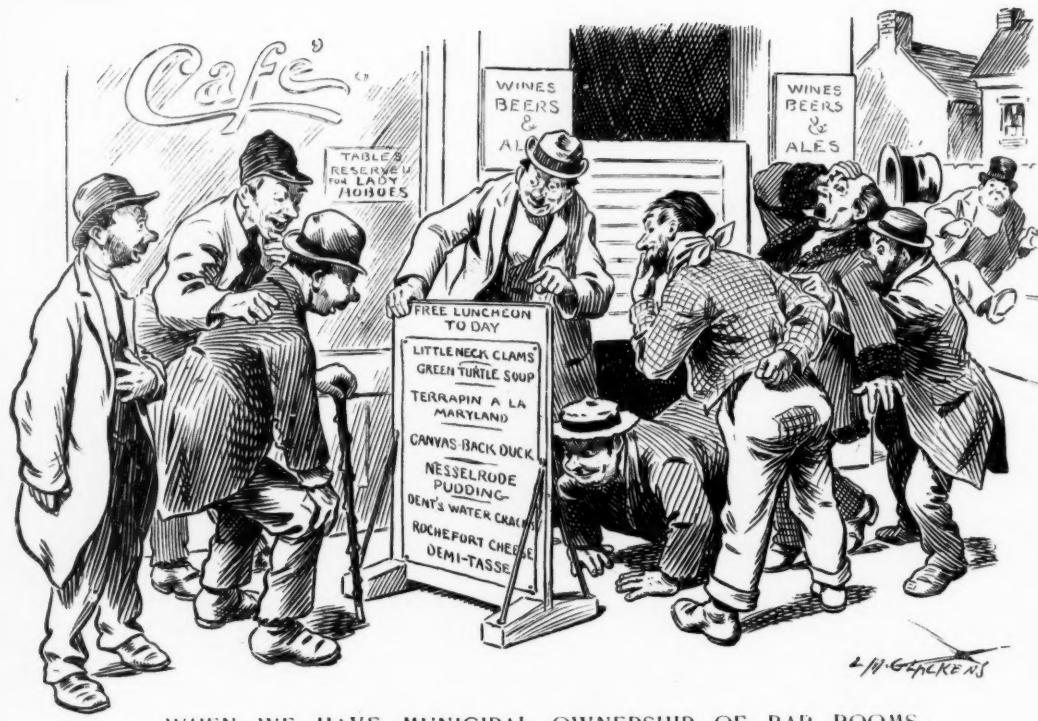
ON TO WASHINGTON!

THE PUOK PRESS





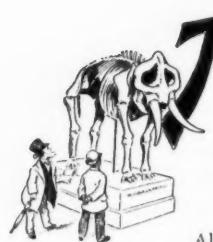
PUCK



WHEN WE HAVE MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF BAR ROOMS.

October Observations.

SPEAKING OF DEAD CANDIDATES —



HE DOORNAIL is a dead affair,
And so regarded everywhere;
J. Cæsar, Sanskrit, Subway air,
Or Roman catacomb.
But everything is relative;
Door nails and Cæsar's clay revive, —
The mustiest mummy seems alive, —
Compared with Bill Jerome.

Alive the deadeast things appear:
Alive the books of yesteryear;
A stein of standing lager bier
Seems freshly capped with foam;
Smoked herring is a sappy thing,
The dodo is a bird on wing,
The Dead Sea is a bubbling spring —
Compared with Bill Jerome.

Deader than all the "days of yore,"
Deader than Edgar Poe's Lenore,
Deader than sloth or dinosaur,
Or worked-out claim at Nome,
Deader than rain-soaked tennis ball,
Deader than leaves that drop in fall,
Or "dear dead days beyond recall,"
Is William T. Jerome.

The face of Edward Everett Hale adorns the street-car advertising placards, with the legend: "DO YOU LOVE THIS OLD MAN?" — He is now one of the editors of the *Woman's Home Companion*. To what base uses may we come, Horatio! Still, it is a pleasure to reflect that the author of "The Man Without a Country" is not, in his declining days, the Man Without a Job.

God knows we need better government; but God knows we can afford to wait to receive it from the hands of a better man than W. R. Hearst. The notion of corrupting and de-



SOFT STUFF.

LIVING SKELETON. — And you did n't hear about me going to star in a Kremer-drammer? The third act is positively worth the price of a sidewalk ticket. That's where the villain hurls me down the mail chute from the sixteenth floor of an office building.

ORESE LADY. — Merciful landladies! And how in the world do you explain your appearance in the next act?

LIVING SKELETON. — Why, at the bottom of the chute I fall with a rattle on a twenty-four page love letter written by a simplified-spelling stenographer

There is too much art which merely holds the mirror up to itself.

grading an electorate for the purpose of emancipating it, is fundamentally and morally wrong. Hearst is not of the stuff of which liberators are made.

Mr. Churchill is an excellent campaigner. He is only thirty-five; he is rich by the labor of his hands. — *The Sun*.

Not hands: head! Churchill dictates, doesn't he? — *Harper's Weekly*.

Is n't a stenographer one of the "hands"? — Churchill dictates to two. Mr. Hearst is another man who has made himself well known by the labor of his "hands."

ON THE VERANDA.

Our home in the suburbs is quiet:

No peddlers or children come nigh.

We can make ourselves heard —

With a soft-whispered word —

Except when the trains go by!

Harper's Weekly apologizes for the exaggerations and misstatements of one of its contributors. *Harper's* is hopelessly old-fashioned. That may be why some of us read it.

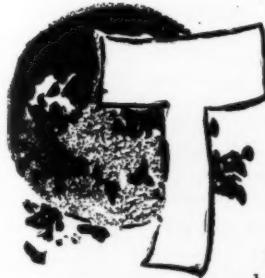
"The American woman," says Dr. William Dean Howells, "talks through her nose." We have known a few that talked through their bonnets.

B. L. T.



THREE HOMELESS HOOKS.
EVERY MARRIED MAN HAS BEEN THERE.

AN EASY VICTORY.



HERE was a certain melancholy about him as he came near her.

"Darling," he said, "I have seen your father."

"He likes you," she murmured, trying by her note of encouragement to forestall his announcement. "Otherwise he would not have let you come so much. I know that. Papa is peculiar in his ideas. He has always been strict with me. He has kept me at home and guarded me. But he has been good

to me," she added, almost as if she felt it necessary to defend him. Her lover looked at her gravely.

"From his standpoint," he said, "he is not unreasonable. He wishes us to be parted for a year. Then, if we are still of the same mind, he gives his consent."

"A year!"

"Yes. His idea is this: that we are both young, both inexperienced, and he feels that we should be sure that we are right. So he wishes me not to see, hear, speak or write to you for a year."

She looked away for a long time.

"I suppose it must be so," she said, "if Papa wishes it."

"You consent? You will wait?"

"I shall have to. And you?"

"Never!" he replied, passionately. "I must have you — now! You must choose between us."

She looked at him sadly.

"Dear," she replied, "it is impossible. I cannot disobey Papa."

"But it is absurd. We know each other."

"Nevertheless, I —"

He took her hand.

"Never mind, darling," he said, "don't let's settle it now. Wait. To-morrow I will come again. Meantime reflect."

And thus they parted, with kisses and tears.

The next evening he came again. A new light was in his eyes. During the twenty-four hours that had passed, he had been very busy.

He took her hand gravely in his.

"You still feel the same?" he said.

"Yes, dear. I'm afraid it must be so. A year will soon pass."

"I suppose I must give in."

"Then you agree?"

"Yes," he said. "I wish, of course, to obey your dear father — to the letter. To do this, darling, we must separate ourselves from each other entirely. Had you thought of that?"

"I suppose so." She looked at him vaguely. "That would, no doubt, be best," she said.

There was a subdued and almost gentle note of partly concealed exultation in his voice.

"I shall have to travel," he replied. "It is the only honorable way."

"Travel? Where?"

"Everywhere." He drew from his pocket a bunch of time tables.

"There is no help for it," he said. "It will be hard to leave you, darling, but still, as you say, a year will soon pass in this way. I shall see my own country first," he went on proudly. "The noble Hudson, the Great Lakes, the Yosemite, California, the Grand Canyon, then off for Japan, a winter on the Nile, Rome, Naples, the Alps, the Rhine, grand old Paris —"

"Stop!" she cried. "Do you mean all that?"

"Certainly, dearest. I —"

She sprang upon him with a fierce feminine cry.

"Then," she whispered passionately, "you'll take me with you, even if I have to climb down a rope ladder at midnight, and Papa never, never, NEVER speaks to me again!"

And folding her swiftly in his arms with a triumphant smile, he replied, "I thought, darling, I could bring you around all right."

Tom Masson.

Getting a Start by Life Insurance

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

ONE of the greatest problems of getting a start in the world, with most youth, is gathering together the first thousand dollars.

Many wealthy men, when interviewed, have said the first thousand dollars came harder than hundreds of thousands later.

Very few young people see how they can ever save much from their small salaries.

The first thousand dollars is always the most difficult to get, because the first saving is "a solitary, unrelated act." It is more difficult to start because a small amount appears so trivial that it hardly seems worth while to begin to save until we get enough to amount to something, but, after we get a considerable amount together, we are encouraged to go on.

When we have once enjoyed the gratification of saving, we find that it is greater than the pleasure of spending. If we take money out of a savings bank "to have a good time," for example, we get only a temporary pleasure. I have heard many people, after having a "good time," say that they wished they had their money back again. I have known many a youth to go out for a gay evening who felt very mean the next day, and who despised himself afterwards for the frivolous waste of money for a temporary pleasure, which, if saved, would have given him lasting gratification.

What most people call pleasure is really very transitory. It is like the vanishing odor of a flower; but a growing savings account, whether in the bank, or in an insurance policy, is a perpetual gratification. There is a great satisfaction in picturing to ourselves the things we will do with it.

One young person sees a college education in his growing savings, another a home; to another it means better clothes, better appearance, travel; to another it means starting in business for himself.

Life insurance offers great facilities for acquiring financial independence.

I know a man who carried a good-sized insurance policy on what he had been spending for cigars and drinks. Before he insured, all of his surplus earnings seemed to leak away. He resolved every year to save a certain amount of money; but somehow, at the end of the year there was nothing left, and he made up his mind that he would try an experiment. He had been a great smoker and a moderate drinker, and he was amazed on summing it up to find how much money he had wasted on these two habits. He made a vigorous resolve to put aside every day the same amount of money that he had been in the habit of spending for drinks and cigars, and succeeded. Suppose you are twenty-one years of age and are spending even one hundred dollars a year in such foolish habits. This would pay the yearly premium on a policy of five thousand dollars according to the rate books of some of our reliable Insurance Companies. If you should die during the life of the policy, those dependent upon you would get this entire sum. If you should live the company would return a substantial amount in dividends, and during all these years your family, or those dependent upon you, would have been protected.

Life Insurance Gives Credit.

One of the first, and one of the most difficult things for a young man who is bound to make the most of himself to do, is establishing himself in the estimation of people who know him.

There is no quality which will help a young man to credit and to the assistance of successful people more than having the reputation of having the saving habit,—of having something laid by, whether in a savings bank, or in a life insurance policy.

The very fact that a young man has the foresight to look ahead

to provide for the future of himself and others, indicates noble qualities of mind and heart, a better citizen, a better neighbor, more stability. People have more confidence in him. And the very reputation of being a good citizen means more credit, more capital, more influence.

Bankers know that there must be something in a young man who carries life insurance. It is an earmark of square living. It indicates thrift, and thrift is itself a great credit.

I have known cases where the possession of a life insurance policy helped young men to credit for many times the amount of the value of the policy, because of what the possession of the policy meant to those who gave them credit. And I have known instances where the whole question of giving young men credit turned on the fact that they carried insurance policies.

Certainty as a Stimulus.

No man can do his best work or can express the best thing in him while he has a feeling of uncertainty, while he is worrying or anxious about the future welfare of those he loves.

Most of us are so constituted that the quality of our work and the energy which we put into it depend very largely upon our courage. We are naturally mercurial. We work with a will when the motive is strong and we are full of courage; but when we are disheartened our capability falls off. A man cannot respect himself when he is letting slip through his fingers the dollars which he knows ought to be saved.

A snug little sum laid by for emergency gives a wonderful sense of relief from worry and anxiety lest anything should happen. It gives a sense of increased power which spendthrift people do not know. A saver feels that he is multiplying his ability, that he is a more important citizen, because he has in his hands greater resources.

It is one of the good things about life insurance that it relieves one, especially if one has small means, from the strain of worry as to what will become of those dear to him in case anything should happen to him. It puts a young man at ease while he is getting a start in the world.

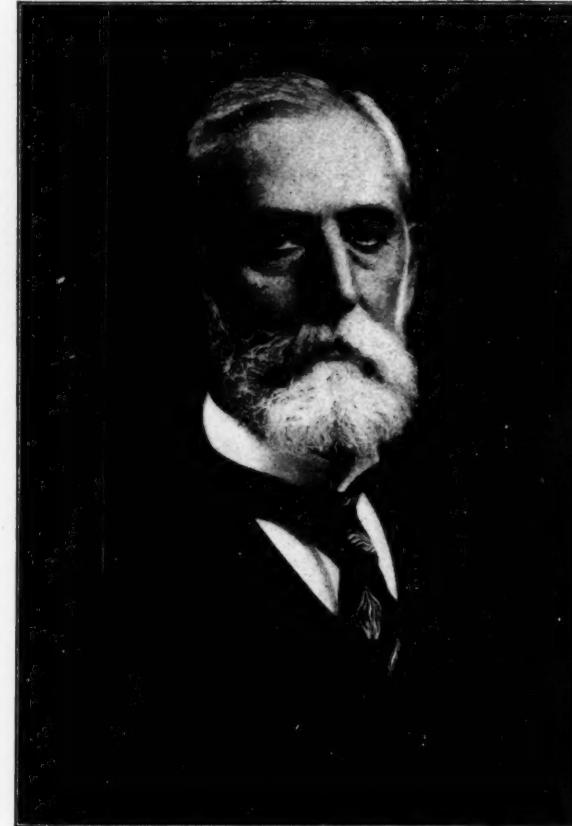
The relief from anxiety as to the future is not only of incalculable benefit to the head of the family, but also to the rest of the family. It often secures a better temper, more contentment, a happier home, and better service from those who feel that they are protected.

It takes a great deal of courage for a girl to marry a young man who has nothing but prospects ahead of him, to put herself in a position where everything depends upon her husband's good health and continued ability to provide a home. The feeling of certainty as to her future in any event will be a great relief to her. There is no doubt that a great deal of nervousness among women is caused through anxiety for the future, because there is no provision made for the family in case the head should be disabled. It is an untold comfort to the wife to feel that a generous provision has been made for her and her children.

"Primarily devised," says Senator Dryden, President of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, "for the support of widows and orphans, life-insurance practice has been developed so as to include the secure investment of surplus earnings in conjunction with the insurance of a sum payable at death."

One of the greatest benefits of life insurance is that it increases hope and self-respect.

I advise every young man, therefore, to anchor his life by Life Insurance, to put down one sure foundation stone that will not be likely to slip from under him, something that will stand flood and fire and death.



U. S. SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN
President The Prudential Insurance Company of America

A Beneficent Institution.

Before the birth of life insurance, would not a plan to enable a young man to start in the world practically without capital, to marry and to launch out in life with a feeling of certainty as to the future of those dependent upon him in case he should die or be incapacitated, have been looked upon as almost miraculous, as a god-send to humanity? A plan by which a young man can insure a competence to those depending upon him, even though he should never be able to accumulate so much money himself, a plan by which those dear to him would be benefited even by his own misfortunes, is seemingly paradoxical.

To be able to insure comfort and secure a fortune, to provide for the future of those we love, even if we are never successful enough to bring that about directly by our own effort, is certainly a great, a beneficent opportunity. If you hoard your savings in a bank, and anything should happen to you, your family can get only what you actually put in there, plus the interest. But the stable insurance companies not only guarantee your family the money you actually intrusted to them, but promise that they will multiply it many times in case of your premature death.

No young man is sure of his future. Some of the brightest and most promising young men this country has ever produced have died in poverty. Many of those who thought they would be rich before middle life, have been hard workers even to old age, but have never been able to accumulate a fortune.

A large income does not necessarily insure a competence or safety for the future. One of our great railroad men, who received for many years fifty thousand dollars a year, spent everything as he went along, and when he became an old man the sons of his former employer provided for him.

As a matter of fact, only a small minority of the human race accumulate a competence, and only a very small percentage a fortune. Thus there is no certainty that you will be able to accumulate a fortune no matter how hard you may work; but there is one thing you and every other young man could and should do, and that is to make as sure as human contingency can make it, provision for those dear to you in case of misfortune, and life insurance is the way.

Insure While You Can.

I was recently talking with a man who told me of the great mistake he had made in postponing getting his life insured. He had made great calculation upon protecting his family by taking out a large amount of insurance, and had thought a great deal about it, but that he had kept putting it off from year to year until he was a little better able; and when he did finally apply for a policy he was rejected for physical disability.

He told me that, although he was at the head of an extensive business the success of it depended so largely upon his own personality, that, in case of his death, there might be no profits from the business for his family. And he said, "Tell the young men of the country to be sure to take out insurance while they are young and strong, and not wait, as I did, until too late."

My advice is, therefore, get insured while you are young, strong and healthy. Do not wait until some accident or some disease shuts you out.

Insure in a sound, standard company for as much as you can reasonably carry while you are young, and as your earning power

increases, add to your policy holdings. Before taking out insurance, ask yourself this question "How much of my income can I afford to set aside annually for this purpose?" Then, for this amount, secure the largest possible protection for those depending upon you. Do not try to carry more insurance than you can by strict economy be reasonably sure of carrying to its completion, but carry as much as you think you can afford.

That is, buy as much insurance as you possibly can on a reasonable basis. Then you can realize a sum of money upon them in need.

Policies upon which the Company agrees to pay the whole or a percentage of the reserve are desirable, because in the years when your income happens to be small, you can borrow enough money to pay your premiums and keep the policy alive.

Hang on to Your Policy.

When hard pushed for money, and it is difficult for you to make your payments, do not surrender your insurance policy if you can possibly avoid it. Let this be the last thing to give up. Make every other sacrifice if necessary. Hang on to this whatever else must go.

Then, again, remember the older you get, the more difficult it is to get insurance. You run greater and greater risks of being rejected, and a policy costs a great deal more. There is, therefore, great danger of being unable to reinsure.

A life policy for a man who has a family, should be regarded as a very sacred document, to be parted with only as a last resort to prevent actual suffering or dishonor. *Orison Swett Marden.*

The policies of Life-Insurance issued by The Prudential Insurance Company of America, of Newark, N. J., of which United States Senator John F. Dryden is the founder, President and leading spirit, are especially designed and adapted to just the purposes of saving for young men to which this article has been directed. Founded upon the bedrock principles of sound finance and conducted with an eye to the true and enduring interests of its policy-holders, no young man will make any mistake in associating his insurance experience with this great company. The various forms of policies which this Company issues provide a young man not only with an opportunity of saving his money, with liberal returns as well, but enable him at the same time to protect his family or business interests or to provide a fund which may be used for the maintenance or education of his children.

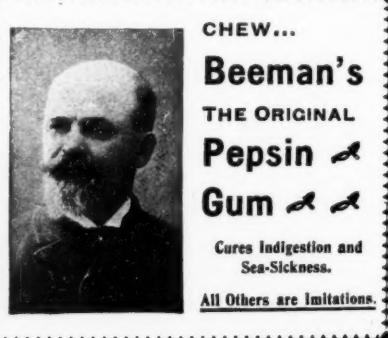
As the Prudential has paid over nine hundred thousand claims, in most instances to families where the insurance policy was the only asset at death, the enormous amount of good done by The Prudential can be appreciated.

One of the most comprehensive definitions of Life Insurance is that of Senator Dryden: "Life Insurance is a wonderful business; a business with a noble history; a business with a lofty aim; a business with a magnificent purpose; a business with splendid results." The Prudential is desirous of entering into correspondence with any person interested in Life Insurance, and no effort will be made to get a policyholder at present insured in another company to drop his policy in favor of The Prudential. The Prudential wishes to show the uninsured how they can help themselves and their families through Life Insurance in The Prudential.



Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle;
That's All!



Pears'

No impurity in Pears' Soap.

Economical to use.

It wears out only for your comfort and cleanliness.

Sold in every land.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

BLUSTERS.—I dare say I do look mad. I understand Jigley says I'm the worst liar he ever saw.

WISEMAN.—O! that's a gross libel!

BLUSTERS.—Of course it is.

WISEMAN.—Well, I should say. Why, everybody admits you're a pretty good liar.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

NATURALLY.

"There's a fellow who gives himself dead away every time he starts talking."

"You don't say. What's the trouble?"

"He makes his living by posing as a deaf and dumb beggar."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A MAN always finds it hard to conceal his satisfaction when he picks up another man's hat and finds that it is too small for him.—*Somerville Journal*.

"WOULDST KNOW THE LAND?"

The Land of Opportunity. The West, the young man's promised source of Fortune, the Land of Plenty. Then read the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, the representative magazine of the West. You can buy it on all trains and at all news stands, or if in case you cannot, write us about it.



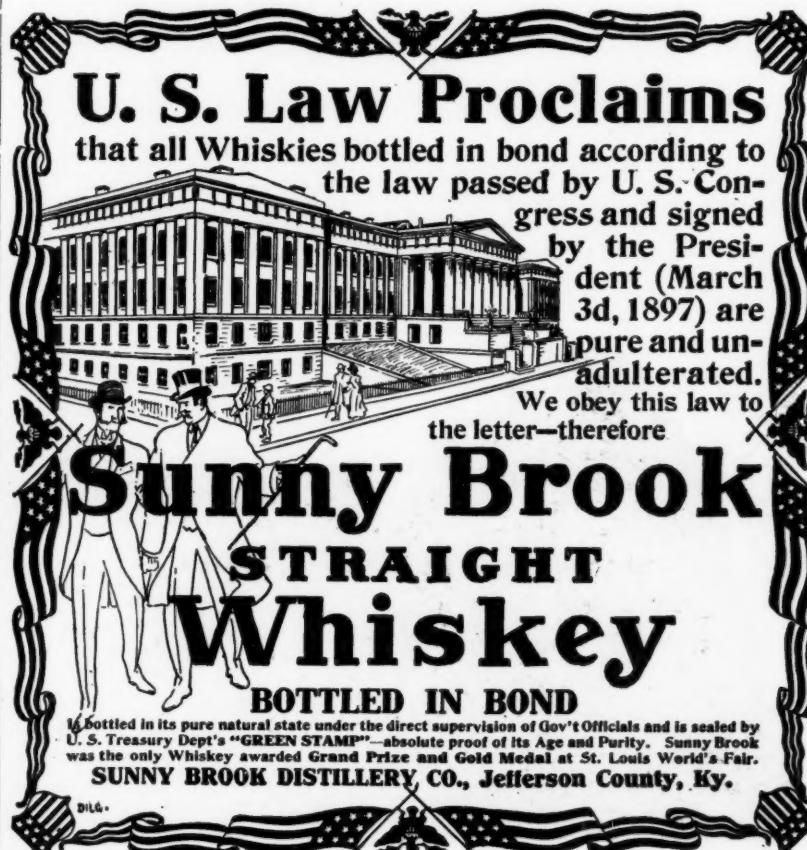
THEIR FUNCTION.

PETE.—Doan' yo' know dat cigah bands am vulgah?

SAM.—Yais; but dey's mighty handy when yo' wanter paste two butts togedder.

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

Now that the college football season is about to open, perhaps those massacres over in Russia won't seem quite so gory.—*Somerville Journal*.



CEASE to be grumpy!
Come out of your shell;
— drink
EVANS ALE

— Be happy and be well!

Any Club, Café, Hotel,
Restaurant or Dealer.

Brandy Al SAUCE
TRY IT ON YOUR BROILED LOBSTER.

ATCHISON PECULIARITIES.

An Atchison woman is so charitable she buys Ben Davis apples.

"How will you have your eggs?" a waiter inquired of a spiritualist. "Medium," he replied.

When a man talks freely to the company at his house, he tells lots of things his wife had been trying for weeks to get out of him.

A woman was on the streets to-day with holes in her stockings. "These stockings," the woman said to a friend, "are on their last legs; I'll throw them away to-morrow."

The women will stop their paper, but we say it just the same: There never was a blonde or face powder that took as much as a week off a woman's years.

We old people may be satisfied with heaven when we get there, but you bet the young girls won't be: No cosy corners in heaven, and no opportunities for making fudge.

It is said that a real fat woman looks worse sitting around with her dress waist off, than a real thin woman looks.—*Atchison Globe*.

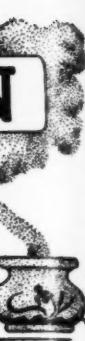
20TH CENTURY LIMITED — **18-HOUR TRAIN TO CHICAGO.**
New York Central and Lake Shore.

With
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essence
whisky
at Ne
1893
Prize,
Fair,
deale

HENRY

PAP

R. 21 AND 22
BRANCH FAIR



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THE BOUQUET AND
EXQUISITE FLAVOR
OF

HUNTER RYE

IS DUE TO ITS HIGH
CHARACTER AND THE
REFINEMENT OF AGE



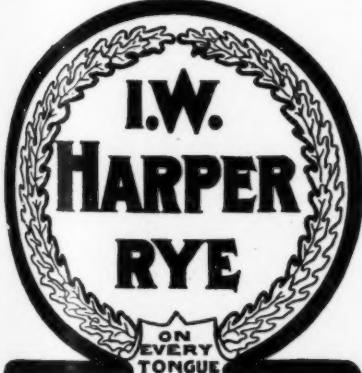
Bold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HIS REQUEST.

"I'm sorry I took the horse," said the captive, "but let's compromise this thing. If there's goin' to be any hangin' done, let me do it."

"You mean suicide?" asked the leader of the lynching party.

"No. Suppose you allow me to hang my head with shame and let it go at that."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



Aged and Respected

With character and merit. The spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the essence of good cheer. The best whiskey for all uses. Gold medals at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand Prize, highest award, at World's Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
11 and 22 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bookman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of paper made to order.

SHOCKING!

BACON.—Did you see any shocking signs in Paris?

EGBERT.—Yes; this was one of the most shocking, displayed in a store window: "Any one entering these premises after they are closed will receive eight hundred volts of electricity through them."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Some years ago an Atchison widow decided it was better for her and the children to have a Protector, so she married again. Now she takes in sewing to support the Protector, and her children are employed all the day long in waiting on him. Her neighbors think it would have been better when she decided she needed a Protector, if she had bought a dog.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe*.



Most Americans are connoisseurs in cocktails—and a connoisseur's taste demands uniformity in the flavor, strength and mixing of his favorite drink. There's only one kind of uniformly good cocktail—CLUB COCKTAILS. Bar cocktails are slap-dash guess-work—good by accident—bad by rule—but never smooth or uniform to a cultivated taste. CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to delicious flavor and aroma. Insist on CLUB.

Seven varieties—each one perfect.
Of all good grocers and dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

LOVE CHANGES THINGS.

He used to think her "long and lean." But, though she has not changed at all, since they're engaged he hath not seen a creature "so divinely tall."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

If the editor likes it, it is poetry. If he doesn't it is verse.—*Somerville Journal*.

ELBOW sleeve notes: An Atchison girl's short sleeves have exposed the fact that her arms are bow legged... If cold weather does not come pretty soon we do not know where a certain Atchison girl will stop. She began shortening her sleeves last February and they have crept up until now they reach her arm pits. There is some alarm that, having no sleeves left to shorten, she may begin shortening her skirts, and if we have a late fall heaven knows what the result will be.—*Atchison Globe*.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Angostura Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

IS your face one of the sensitive, easily irritated kind?

Williams' Shaving Soap

softens the beard and soothes the skin as no other soap does. It leaves the face soothed and refreshed. It's the only soap that does not smart or dry on the face.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamp for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Williams' Luxury Shaving Soap (trial size). Enough for 50 shaves.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.



ANCESTRAL BELONGINGS.

"It all seems so strange," said Miss Roxie MacInnes, the heiress, who was engaged to the foreign count, "that I am to have a coronet."

"Och! not at all," replied the old servant, "fur that's what yer gran'father had before ye, an' 't was all he had."

"A coronet, I said."

"Aye! a car an' net. 'T was whin he caught fish an' peddled 'em out o' Galway Bay."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidiarrheal. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

NOT GUILTY.

GOTHAM.—I see that Vilegodawickramage Arnolis Appu and Samalawickramalenage Jamis Appu are, according to the *Times of India*, wanted by the Calcutta police.

CHURCH.—Whatever they are wanted for, it is hardly probable that the charge will be for aiding and abetting simplified spelling.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

QUEER, is n't it, how the demure girl likes the audacious man?—*Somerville Journal*.

"The 20th Century Limited"

FASTEAST LONG DISTANCE TRAIN IN
THE WORLD

960 Miles in 18 Hours

VIA THE



"America's Greatest Railroad"

THIS magnificent train is equipped with Pullman cars of the very latest design and has all the special features which have made the New York Central service so deservedly popular. Barber, Fresh and Salt Water Baths, Valet, Ladies' Maid, Manicure, Stock and Market Reports, Telephone, Stenographer, etc.

A dozen other fast trains between

NEW YORK, BOSTON

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BUFFALO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND,
COLUMBUS, CINCINNATI,
INDIANAPOLIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
the West and Southwest.

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager, NEW YORK.

A COMMONPLACE FAMILY.



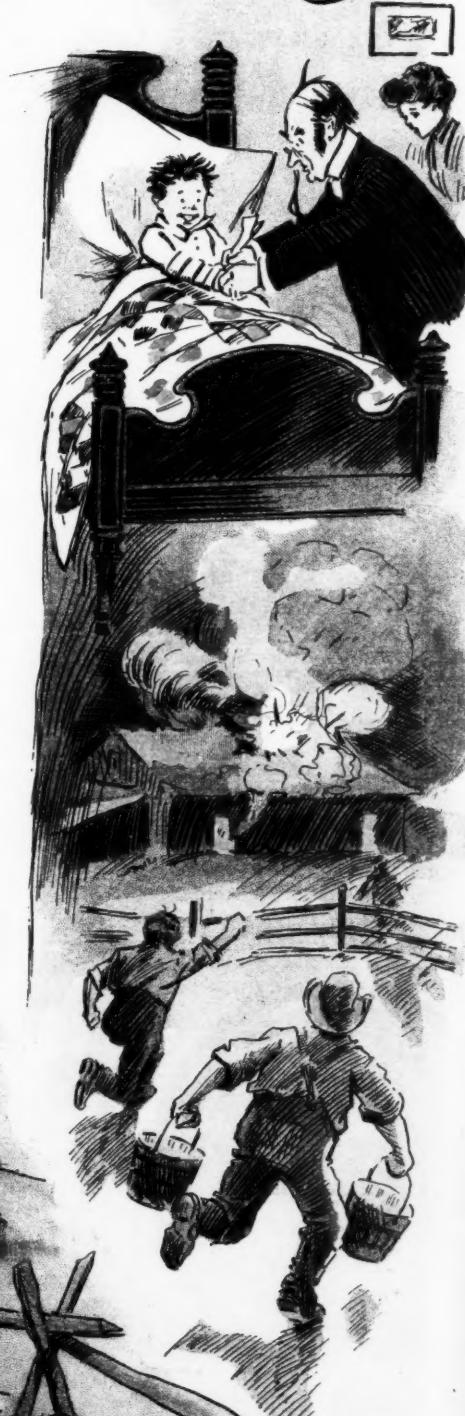
THE burglars wuz to Moore's last night
And got a lot o' swag;
And Willie Moore he is so proud —
You'd ought to hear him brag!
It makes me mad the way he talks
And kicks up such a fuss,
'Cause burglars never rob OUR house,
Luck never comes to US!

The doctor's up at Simpson's now,
'Cause Willie's broke his arm;
Joe Wilson's leg is still in splints,
He hurt it on the farm.
He's 'round a-braggin' all day long,
And I feel wuss and wuss.
No accidents strike OUR house,
No doctor calls on US!

Cub Scudder's got the double mumps,
And soon as he gits out
He'll make the crowd real envious
With what he brags about.
Alf Pierce has got diphtheria,
It's dreadful serious.
But sickness seems to skip OUR house,
No nuthin' comes to US!

Why can't OUR barn burn down some night,
Like Arthur Bailey's done?
Why can't I git a chanct to brag
And have a little fun?
'Less something happens pretty soon
I guess I'll run away.
Then I'll have lots to tell about
When I come back, some day!

Paul West.



—C. C. C. —